

The Yellow God.

Tom Jenkins ran his hand through the gold that lay heaped on the floor of the shack. "Seems to me, Billy," he said, slowly, "that hopin' to find it is better 'n findin' it."

Dull glimmers of light from a smoky lantern fell athwart the face of the old miser, rugged, homely, deep-furrowed by time and hardship, and offering a marked contrast, indeed, to the handsome, patrician features of Billy Bailey, his junior partner. "Findin', Billy, means quittin'. It's an end to the wants an' privations I've knowed for nigh twenty years. But, somehow, I've come to like these still old mountains, an' the singin' of the pines, an' the river. They've growed like friends, an' I'm never lonesome among 'em. Listen! you can hear 'em now. Maybe it's the las' time they'll ever sing fer me."

"We've goin' back to civilization," continued Tom, unheeding the other's lack of sympathy with his reminiscent mood, "an' that means separation. I know you like me, Billy. A feller couldn't want a better pardner than you've been fer the two year I've knowed you. But with yer education, an' yer young blood, an' yer ambitions, you ain't my kind in civilization. We can't be the same down there. I couldn't expect it. But I think a powerful deal of you, Billy.—"

"Oh, come, Tom," broke in his companion, impatiently, "you're in the dumps tonight. Take a walk and brace up. Shouldn't you look on the bright side of things now? We've worked and starved in these cursed wilds for gold, until at last we've got it. Think of the city's ten thousand pleasures that this stake can buy for us. There's no life in these solitudes. It's there in the crowded streets, and it can be ours when we've got such a god—the god of gold—to see us through."

Billy laughed gloomily in anticipation. Then once more he fixed his eyes with a glittering intensity on the yellow heap, which meant for him all that life can mean to a selfish, low-back nature.

"But it ain't for me," persisted Tom. "I'm past them things. If it wa'n't fer the hope of findin' the old woman down there in Frisco an' makin' her comfortable, I'd stay. I don't care fer the gold after all. I've found it, an' my hungerin' fer it's satisfied."

Billy made no answer. He had long since become resigned to the diversity of their tastes, and tonight he was in no mood for argument. He got out some materials, and began to repair a rent in his coat. Tom rose presently, and dumped the nuggets into a gunny-sack. Then he arranged his blankets for the night.

"Put it away safe, Billy," he said, jocularly; "we're already on the edge of civilization, an' must learn to be pertickler."

"I'll look after it, never fear," said the other, shortly; "good-night."

Billy finished his task, but his mind was still busy with thoughts of the future. He rose and stepped out into the night. At his feet the turbulent river rushed blackly along, its foaming crest gleaming like dull silver in the clear starlight. Behind him towered in silent majesty the rugged, wooded mountains. The air was heavy with the breath of the pines. But Billy saw none of the beauty of the night. The mountains awakened memories of hardships and hopelessness; the river was only a highway to civilization. He lit his pipe, and began to pace up and down the shelving shore.

There was none of the stuff of which heroes are made in Billy Bailey's composition. Had the fate seen fit to continue their kindly beginning, he would probably have developed into one of the horde of whitened sepulchres that so largely made up what the world is pleased to term the respectable of humanity—those who observe the conventions to the letter, indulge every desire with a studied care that wins the approval of men, and dying are respectfully buried and speedily forgotten. On the contrary, fate had preferred giving Billy a chance to prove his mettle. His college career cut short by the melting away of his father's fortune, he awoke one morning to find himself face to face with the world, his wish his only capital.

Billy. Then he asked himself if he, too, was growing sentimental, and tonight of all nights, on the very eve of battle. He walked back to the house. Tom was fast asleep. The flickering light of the lantern fell slantwise on the corner where he lay, his powerful form half swathed in the tattered blankets, his brawny arms thrown above his head. The face, from which sleep seemed to have smoothed away the deep furrows, mirrored the rugged honesty of his heart. But the touching picture meant nothing to Billy, who watched the sleeper for an instant, and then proceeded to put his cowardly scheme into effect. It was but the work of a few minutes to gather together the things necessary for the short journey down the river, and to secure the treasure for safe transportation. He was thinking of the surprise awaiting Tom who was 'fool enough to believe in human friendship.'

He made a cautious step toward the door of the shack, when a slight noise, real or fancied, caused him to glance back over his shoulder. The next instant the bag of gold crashed to the floor, while Billy sank on his knees as though felled by a blow. Tom was sitting bolt upright in bed, his revolver leveled at Billy's heart. He was thinking of the surprise awaiting Tom who was 'fool enough to believe in human friendship.'

"Well," he said, bluntly, "what do you intend to do?"

"Oh, spare me, spare me, Tom. You said you cared nothing for gold, while I was mad with love of it. It is my god—my heaven—my everything. But take it, take it all—only give me my life—Tom—I can't die."

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of enthusiasm. Many of them crowded up to her when the concert was over, overwhelming her with the profusion of the flowers they brought. After the crowd had dispersed, a bashful looking girl came up, holding a parcel in her hand. "You delighted me so very much at your last concert," said she, "that to-day I should like to express my admiration for you in person. Flowers however, fade. I therefore beg to offer you a lasting and practical souvenir which will keep me in your memory."

With these words, she unwrapped a silver soup-ladle, presented it and disappeared.

What does your wife do when she's angry with you? Threaten to return to her parents? Alas! she takes revenge by repeating the idiotic things I said to her on our honeymoon!

Twenty-five dollars would be cheap pay for the cures Dr. Harvey's Southern Kidney Pills effects for twenty-five cents.

It beats me, mused a country theatre manager. "This here William Shakespeare wrote the play of Hamlet, in which Ophelia gets drowned, yet he leaves the drowning scene out."

It does seem queer," observed the stage carpenter, with a touch of vanity; "but maybe he don't know how to make a tank."

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Paint Protection

You realize the necessity of protecting your house with good paint, but you do not protect the necessity of protecting yourself against poor paint. It all looks alike in the can, but one kind comes off, the other stays on; one kind soon looks shabby, the other keeps new. The kind that holds on strongest, looks new longest, is

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STEAMBOATS.

Star Line Steamers

Fredericton.

(Eastern Standard Time.)

Mail Steamers Victoria and David Weston

Leave St. John every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m., for Fredericton and all intermediate landings, and will leave Fredericton every day (except Sunday) at 8 a. m. for St. John.

Star Line Steamers will leave Fredericton for Gagetown and intermediate landings for Gagetown at 4 o'clock (local time). Returning will leave Gagetown every morning at 6 o'clock. Saturday's Steamer will leave at 6 o'clock.

GEO. F. BAIRD, Manager.

Steamer Clifton.

On and after July 7th.

Leave Hampton for Indiantown, Monday at 5:30 a. m., Tuesday at 8:30 p. m., Wednesday at 2:30 p. m., Thursday at 8:30 p. m., Saturday at 5:30 a. m.

Leave Indiantown for Hampton, Tuesday at 9:00 a. m., Wednesday at 8:00 a. m., Thursday at 9:00 a. m., Saturday at 4:00 p. m.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE, Manager.

RAILROADS.

Dominion Atlantic R'y.

On and after Monday, Aug. 1st, 1898, the Steamship and Train service of this railway will be as follows:

Royal Mail S.S. Prince Rupert, Daily Service.

St. John at 11 a. m., arr. Digby 10:15 a. m., Lve. Digby at 1:45 p. m., arr. St. John, at 4:30 p. m.

EXPRESS TRAINS

Daily (Sunday excepted). Lve. Halifax at 8 a. m., arr. in Digby 12:28 p. m., Lve. Digby 12:40 p. m., arr. Yarmouth 3:18 p. m., Lve. Yarmouth 3:45 p. m., arr. Digby 1:45 p. m., arr. Digby 11:45 a. m., Lve. Yarmouth 9:00 a. m., arr. Digby 5:45 p. m., Lve. Digby 11:55 a. m., arr. Digby 10:25 a. m., Lve. Yarmouth 8:55 a. m., arr. Digby 3:35 p. m., Lve. Annapolis 7:15 a. m., arr. Annapolis 4:40 p. m., Lve. Digby 6:30 p. m., arr. Annapolis 4:40 p. m.

S. S. Prince Edward, BOSTON SERVICE.

By far the finest and most comfortable of our Boston service. Leaves Yarmouth, N. S., every MONDAY and THURSDAY, immediately on arrival of the Express. Returns leaves Long Wharf, Boston, every SUNDAY and WEDNESDAY at 4:00 p. m. Tickets on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Palace Car Express Trains. Steamer rooms can be obtained on application to City Agent.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after Monday, the 20th June, 1898, the rates of this Railway will be as follows: SUNDAY EXCEPTED, as follows.

Express from Hampton..... 6.8
Express from Campbellton, Eggenah, Picou and Halifax..... 7.0
Express for Halifax..... 11.6
Express for Sussex..... 11.6
Express for Hampton..... 15.4
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 18.
Accommodation from Moncton, Tiro, Halifax, and Sydney..... 22.0

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal.

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 11:30 for Turo. Dining and Buffet cars on Quebec and Montreal trains.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Hampton..... 7:15
Express from Sussex..... 8:30
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 11:00
Express from Hampton..... 11:00
Accommodation from Moncton, Monday excepted..... 12.50
Accommodation from Ft. du Clere and Moncton..... 12.50

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 91 Prince Wm. Street, St. John, N. S.



BORN.

Taylorville, to the wife of Mr. Robert Jennings, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 26, to the wife of Mr. E. S. Dover, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 31, to the wife of Mr. Geo. A. Nantus, a son.

Amherst, Aug. 23, to the wife of Mr. Albert Fraser, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 25, to the wife of Mr. Alex. Griley, a son.

Moncton, Aug. 26, to the wife of Mr. H. W. Martin, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 28, to the wife of Mr. Mangle, a daughter.

Cannville, Aug. 15, to the wife of Mr. Harry Rand, a daughter.

Halifax, to the wife of Mr. George H. Thornton, a daughter.

Fredericton, Aug. 25, to the wife of Isaac Winn, a daughter.

Windsor, Aug. 27, to the wife of Mr. John Cox, a daughter.

Berwick, Aug. 10, to the wife of Mr. J. Wilband, a daughter.

Halifax, Aug. 28, to the wife of Mr. Andrew Muir, a daughter.

Wentworth, Aug. 24, to the wife of Mr. J. F. Herbin, a daughter.

Halifax, Aug. 29, to the wife of Mr. James Spears, a daughter.

Halifax, Aug. 22, to the wife of Mr. Eli Archibald, a daughter.

Coxheath, Aug. 20, to the wife of Mr. A. C. Reade, a daughter.

Sydney, Aug. 24, to the wife of Mr. Stephen Tatt, a daughter.

Parroboro, Aug. 27, to the wife of Mr. A. W. Jackson, a son.

Halfway River, Aug. 10, to the wife of King Peck, a son.

Amherst, Aug. 28, to the wife of Mr. Angus McLeod, a son.

Parroboro, Aug. 25, to the wife of Capt. D. W. MacShelburne, a son.

Shelburne, Aug. 18, to the wife of Mr. Lemuel Crow, a son.

Belbrook, Aug. 25, to the wife of Mr. Edward Sarette, a son.

Peterborough, Aug. 27, to the wife of Mr. J. S. Mahood, a son.

Fredericton, Aug. 24, to the wife of Mr. Andrew Parsons, a son.

Windsor, Aug. 27, to the wife of Mr. John McDonold, a daughter.

Lake George, Aug. 14, to the wife of Mr. George A. Rogers, a son.

Diligent River, Aug. 27, to the wife of Mr. Hallett Canine, a son.

Amherst, Aug. 28, to the wife of Mr. John Purdy, twin daughters.

Acadia Mines, Aug. 20, to the wife of Mr. Samuel Foly Villars, a daughter.

Windsor, Aug. 28, to the wife of Henry McLean, a daughter.

Yarmouth, Aug. 24, to the wife of Mr. S. S. Whitehurst, a daughter.

Tremontville, Aug. 30, to the wife of Mr. George Smith, a daughter.

Shelburne, Aug. 23, to the wife of Mr. William H. Hunter, a daughter.

Parroboro, Aug. 27, to the wife of Mr. Clarence Johnson, a daughter.

Halifax, Aug. 29, to the wife of Mr. Walter S. Davidson, a daughter.

Tusket Wedge, Aug. 29, to the wife of Mr. Vincent Richard, a daughter.

Mystic, Conn., Aug. 25, to the wife of Mr. Herbert Goudy, a daughter.

Duffin Mines, Aug. 26, to the wife of Mr. John Routledge, a daughter.

Bocabe, Charlotte Co., Aug. 24, to the wife of Mr. Samuel Canine, a son.

Worcester, Mass., Aug. 22, to the wife of Mr. Geo. F. Haley, a daughter.

South Westville, Aug. 20, to the wife of Mr. G. Foster, twin daughters.

Kelley's Cove, Aug. 28, to the wife of Rev. Mr. J. Stanley Durkee, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Storwick, Aug. 31, Charles W. McMullin to L. Blanche Huntley.

Shemogue, by Rev. J. W. Gardner, William H. Hunter to Rachel E. Allen.

Southampton, Aug. 9, by Rev. Jos. Sellers, Hugh Morris to Annie Rodolph.

DIED.

St. John, Sept. 1, Mary Smith.

St. John, Sept. 6, Jane Brown, 76.

Yarmouth, Aug. 16, Maud Haley 19.

Moncton, Aug. 30, Francis Byers, 19.

St. John, Sept. 3, Mrs. E. L. Barratt, a son.

Halifax, Aug. 18, Stephen Jones, 76.

Halifax, Aug. 18, Catherine Lynch, 18.

St. John, Sept. 4, George Danahy, 18.

Grand Frez, Aug. 25, Mrs. John Crown.

St. John, Sept. 4, Mrs. Mary A. Green.

Ennis Brae, Sept. 3, Edward Burch, 79.

South Bolton, Aug. 29, William Fidler.

Fort Modyway, Aug. 22, Susan Easter 16.

Fredericton, Aug. 25, to the wife of Isaac Winn, a daughter.

Windsor, Sept. 2, William McDonald 74.

Halifax, Aug. 3, Norman McDonald 74.

Central Economy Aug. 25, Robert Vance.

Maitland, Hants, Aug. 30, Ann Brown, 64.

St. John, Sept. 3, Jennie Carlin, 5 months.

White's Point, Aug. 28, Fred Springer 32.

Windsor, Aug. 29, Roy Rupert Riding, 3.

St. John, Sept. 1, Cornack McGlinchey, 84.

New Albany, Aug. 29, William Nightingale, 91.

Parroboro, Aug. 26, George Sadler, 83.

Nictaux, south, Aug. 29, Mrs. Thom A. Banks.

Fisher's Grant, Aug. 24, Samuel A. Foster, 68.

Milton, Queens, Aug. 16, Edward Burnaby, 37.

Halifax, Aug. 29, Hartley Duncan, 10 months.

Parroboro, Aug. 25, Margaret Adams, 4 months.

Hampton, Aug. 27, Mrs. Hannah Burgess, 70.

Coverdale, Co., Aug. 29, George F. Ryan, 37.

Hanover, N. H., Aug. 29, Mrs. Minnie Foster.

Harmony, Colchester, Aug. 18, E. J. Crowell, 20.

West Petpiswick, Aug. 20, Cameron Sutherland, 61.

Cambridge, Mass., Aug. 28, John D. Creelman, 63.

North Kingston, Aug. 14, Mrs. Susan Rhodes, 81.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Aug. 16, Bridget Gault 18.

West Quoddy, Halifax Co., Aug. 22, Bertie Smith, 6.

Innellen, Scotland, Aug. 19, Capt. Joan Halford, 71.

Upper North River, Aug. 22, Kenneth McKenzie, 73.

Tatnagouche Bay, Aug. 14, Mrs. Angus McDonald, 76.

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Aug. 27, Robert Fellows, 76.

Peteraville, Queens Co., Aug. 12, Stewart McKinstry, 65.

Hillsboro, A. Co., Aug. 31, Arthur Sherwood, 14 months.

Prince Edward Island, Aug. 24, Archibald McKenzie 91.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Fall Exhibition Excursions

Tickets on sale from St. John, N. B. as follows: Ottawa Exhibition. To Ottawa and return at \$17.50 each Sept. 16th and 17th, and at \$11.00 each on Sept. 20th only, all good for return until Sept. 27th.

FALL EXCURSION. To Montreal and return at \$14.15 Sept. 16th to 19th and at \$10 on Sept. 20th only. All good for return until Sept. 27th.

HARVEST EXCURSION to Canadian North West. August 20th and Sept. 18th only; good for return within 60 days at the following rates: Winnipeg, Portage La Prairie, Brandon, Deloraine, Eston, Eganville, Binscarth, Moosemin and Winnipeg \$25.00 each; Regina, Moose Jaw and Yorktown, \$30.00 each; Prince Albert and Calgary, \$35.00 each; Red Deer and Edmonton, \$40.00 each.

Further particulars of C. P. R. Ticket Agents.

EL. ROYMAN, Asst. Genl. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B.